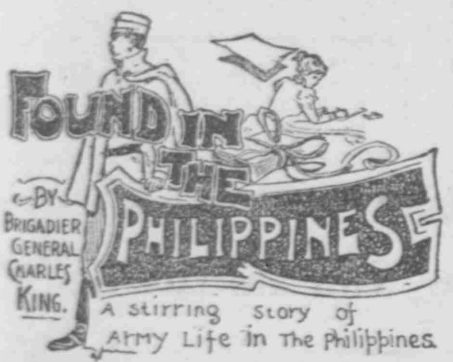


THE OLD WARMIN' PAN.

Mine o'clock and upstairs; oh, the breath-freezing room
With its aural silence and tangible gloom!
Oh, the shivers and dreads of that tortuous hall—
Where we bumped our poor heads on the down-sloping wall—
And the demons that danced down our candlelight lane
To the squeaky quadrille of the old weather-vane!
But ah, every terror, each recess of dread
We forgot in the depths of our billowy bed.
When, snuggled therein on the sinkaway plan,
In dreamland 'twas spring, thank the Old Warmin' Pan.
A well-won protection from bogies and ghosts!
From the farthest confines they might march their hosts
But no speak in the whole vast domain of upstairs
Could approach, undefiled, this, the surest of lairs.
Deep down in our feathers, twist lavender-scented sheets,
Peeking over the counterpane's regular pleats,
We laughed all the bugaboo square in the face,
Till they make their retreat in the hush of disgrace—
Poor things! they were awful, but blame them who can,
For no doubt they begrudged us our Old Warmin' Pan.
Oh, the Old Warmin' Pan! How the memories hold—
Those days were of silver, those nights were of gold,
And each homely object my childhood held dear
Has grown to an idol through many a year.
The starlight, the stillness, the frost-gleaming pane,
The weird-weaving shadows, the wind's low refrain,
The hand at the door and the step in the hall,
The low, gentle sound of the motherly call;
For the lack in the child is the love in the man
Toward the genius that wielded the Old Warmin' Pan.
—Art. Wheelock Upson, in Chicago Times-Herald.



CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

But with the edict that no more troops should be sent came comfort to the souls of these bereaved ones. Transports would not go without troops, and Mrs. Frank could not go without transports, the journey was far too expensive. They wished her no evil, of course; but if they were themselves forbidden how could they rejoice that she should be permitted? They were actually beginning to feel a bit charitable toward her when the Queen of the Fleet herself came in Honolulu with the latest news. The fifth expedition had been halted there and put in camp. The hospital held several officers. Billy Gray was down with brain fever, and there had been a furious scene between him and his peppery colonel before the breakdown; and by that same steamer Mrs. Garrison had got a letter that had made her turn white and tremble, as Mrs. Stockman saw and told, and then shut herself up in her room an entire day. Now for nearly a fortnight the lovely guest had been daily hinting that she really must go home, "dear Witchie" was surely tired of her; and Witchie disclaimed and protested and vowed she could not live without her devoted friend. But then had come that letter and with it a change of tone and tactics. Witchie ceased to remonstrate or reprove Mrs. Stockman, and the latter felt that she must go, and Witchie consented without demur.

In no pleasant mood Armstrong mounted and trotted for the east gate. The road was lined with camps and volunteers at drill. Vehicles were frequently moving to and fro; but the sentry at the entrance had kept track of them, and in response to question answered promptly and positively Mrs. Garrison's carriage had not come that way. "But," said he, "the wagon with the lady's baggage did. I saw the name on the trunk."

The colonel turned in saddle and coolly surveyed him. "Do you mean Mrs. Stockman's name?" he asked, in quiet tone. "How many trunks were there?"

"Oh, some of them might have had Mrs. Stockman's name, sir; but the two or three that I saw were marked M. G."

This was unlooked-for news. To her next-door neighbor Mrs. Garrison had said nothing about going away with Mrs. Stockman, and Armstrong had grave need to see her and to see her alone. The train for Los Angeles did not leave until evening. Possibly they were hanging somewhere—spending the afternoon with friends in town. He rode direct to headquarters. Some of the staff might be able to tell, was his theory; and one of them justified it.

"Did I happen to meet Mrs. Garrison? Yes, I just saw her aboard the China." "Aboard the China!" exclaimed Armstrong, with a sudden thrill of excitement. "Do you mean she is going?"

"Didn't ask her. They were hustling everybody ashore, and I had only time to give dispatches to the purser; but she was on deck with friends when I came away."

CHAPTER XIV.

Mid October. The Queen of the Fleet, the finest transport of the Pacific service, thronged with boys in blue at last ordered on to Manila, lay at the wharf at Honolulu, awaiting her commander's orders to cast loose. In strong force and with stentorian voices, the Primeval Dudes joined in rollicking chorus to the crashing accompaniment of their band, and, when they could take time to rest, the crowd ashore set up a cheer. The Hawaiian national band, in spotless white, forming huge and melodious circle on the wharf, vied with the musicians from the states in the spirit and swing of their stirring airs. "Aloha Oe! Aloha Oe!" chorused the surging throng, afloat and ashore, as wreaths and garlands—the leis of the islanders—were twined or hung about some favorite officer or favored man. The troops still held to service in Hawaii shouted good-will and good-bye to those ordered on to the Philippines. "The Dudes of the Queen, and the lads from the prairies and the mountains on other transports anchored in the deep but narrow harbor, yelled soldierly condolence to those condemned to stay. The steam of the 'scape' pipe roared loudly and belched dense white clouds on high, swelling the uproar. Dusky little Kanaka boys, diving for nickels and paddling tireless about the ship, added their shrill cries to the clamor. The captain, in his natty uniform of blue and gold, stepped forth upon the bridge to take command, and raised his bandaged cap in recognition of the constant cheer from the host ashore and the throng of blue shirts on the forecastle head. Then arose another shout, as a veteran officer, in the undress uniform of a general, appeared upon that sacred bound, and, bowing to the crowd, was escorted by the captain to the end overlooking the animated scene below; and then the signal was given, the heavy lines were cast off and hauled swiftly in, the massive screw began slowly to churn the waters at the stern, and gently, almost imperceptibly at first, the Queen slid noiselessly along the edge of the dock, to the accompaniment of a little volley of flowers and garlands tossed from eager hands, and a cheer of goodspeed from the swarm of upturned faces. And then there 'uprose another shout; a shout of mingled merriment, surprise and applause; for all on a sudden there darted up the stairway from the crowded promenade deck to the sacred perch above, defiant of the lettered warning: "Passengers are not allowed upon the bridge," a dainty vision in filmy white, and all in the next moment there appeared at the general's side, smiling, bowing, blowing kisses, waving adieux, all sparkle, animation, radiance and rejoicing, a bewitching little figure, in the airiest, loveliest of summer toilets. The Red Cross nurses on the deck below looked at one another and gasped. Two brave army-girls, wives of wounded officers in the Philippines, who by special dispensation were making the voyage on the Queen, glanced quickly at each other and said—nothing audible. The general, lifting his cap, but looking both deprecation and embarrassment, fell back and gave his place at the white rail to the new arrival, and colored him when she suddenly turned and took his arm. The captain, trying not to see her or to appear conscious of this infraction of a stringent rule and invasion of his dignity, grew redder as he shouted rapid orders and swung his big, beautiful ship well out into the stream. The guns of the Bennington boomed a deafening salute as the Queen turned her sharp nose toward the open sea; and almost the last thing Honolulu saw of her human freight was the tiny, dainty, winsome little figure in white, waving a

spotless kerchief in fond farewell. Once clear of the narrow entrance the big troopship headed westward toward the setting sun, shook free the reins, as it were, and, followed by less favored craft, sped swiftly on her way. Witchie Garrison, the latest addition to the passenger list, entirely at home, if not actually in command.

Leaning on the general's arm an hour later and deftly piloting that bewildered veteran up and down the breezy deck, she came, just as she had planned to come, face to face once more with Stanley Armstrong. Well she knew that under the escort of that exalted rank she was safe from any possibility of cross question or interference. Well she knew that had he heard of her sudden determination to go to Honolulu she could not have escaped stern interrogation, possibly something worse; and her heart failed her when she realized that the man who had gauged her shallow nature years before, now held a lash over her head in the shape of the paper that mad vanity had prompted her to write and send to the officer of the guard the day that Stewart sailed. What madness it was, indeed, yet how could she have dreamed it would fall into the hands of the man of all others she feared and respected—the one man who, had he but cared, could years ago have had her love, the man who, because he cared not, had won her hate! And, now that he held or had held this paper—nothing less than a forged order, in her husband's name as aide-de-camp to Gen. Drayton, she could have covered at his feet in her terror of him, yet braved him with smiles, sweetness and gaiety, with arch merriment and joyous words, quelling for the moment the general's arm that she might extend to him both her little white-gloved hands. Gravely he took the left in his left while with the right he raised his forage cap in combined salute to the woman and to his superior officer. Gravely and almost instantly he released it, and listened in helpless patience to her torrent of playful words; but his eyes were on the general's face as though he would ask could he, the general, know the true character of the woman he had honored above all her sisterhood on board, in this taking her to the bridge whereon neither officer nor man nor nurse nor army wife had presumed to set foot in all the six days' run from San Francisco; as though he would ask if the general knew just what she was, this blithe, dainty, winsome little thing that nestled so confidently—indeed, so snugly—close to his battered side, and who had virtually taken possession of him in the face of an obvious and not too silent circle of her own sex. Truth to tell, the chief would rather have escaped. He was but an indifferent sailor, and the Queen's long, lazy roll over the ocean surges was exciting in his inner consciousness a longing for cracked ice and champagne. He had known her but the few days the Queen remained in port, coaling and preparing for the onward voyage across the broad Pacific; but a great functionality of the general government had told him a pathetic tale the very day of his first peep at the Royal Hawaiian hotel, had given him a capital dinner at that famous hostelry, whereat she appeared in charming attire, and in a flow of spirits simply irresistible. Her sallies of wit had made him roar with delight; her mimicry of one or two conscientious but acclimated dames who had come over on the Queen, bound as nurses for Manila, had tickled him to the verge of apoplexy; but when later she backed him into the coolest corner of the "lanai" with the splash of fountain close at hand, and the sweet music of Berger's famous band floating softly on the evening air, and told him how her father had loved to talk of his, the general's, dash and daring in the great days of the great war, and led him on to tell of his campaigns in the Shenandoah and the west, listening with dilated eyes and parted lips, the campaigner himself was captivated, and she had her will. A great senator had told him how she had come thither to nurse a gallant young officer in her husband's regiment, how she had pulled the boy through the perils of brain fever until he was now convalescent and going on to rejoin his comrades in Manila, and she, she was pining to reach her husband now serving on Gen. Drayton's staff. Other women were aboard the Queen; could not Gen. Crabb find room for her? It is hard for a soldier to refuse a pretty woman or a prominent member of the committee on military affairs. There was not a vacant stateroom on the ship. Officers were sleeping three or four in a room, so were the Red Cross nurses; and the two army wives already aboard had been assigned a little cubbyhole of a cabin in which only one could dress at a time. There were only two apartments on the big craft that were not filled to their capacity—the room occupied by that sea monarch, the captain, and that which, from having been the "ladies boudoir," had been fitted up for the accommodation of the general. The piano had been wheeled out on deck, the writing table stowed away, and a fine new wide brass bedstead, with dainty white curtains and mosquito bar, a large bureau and a washstand had been moved in, and these, with easy-chairs, electric fans, electric lights and abundant air, made it the most desirable room on the ship. Even Armstrong, colonel commanding the troops aboard, was compelled to share his little cabin with his adjutant, and the general's aides were bundled into a "skimp" box between decks. There really seemed no place for Mrs. Garrison aboard, especially when it was found that the passenger list was to be increased by three, a surgeon and two officers going forward from Honolulu; and one of these was our old friend and once light-hearted Billy Gray, now nearly convalescent, but weak and, as all could see, feverishly eager to get on to Manila.

All this was explained to the senator. It was even suggested that there was room for Mrs. Garrison on the Louisiana, a safe old tub, if she was slow;

but Mrs. Frank looked so pathetic and resigned when this arrangement was suggested that no one had the hardihood to actually dwell upon it, and the senator said it was a shame to think of it. With whom of her own sex could she associate on that long, hot voyage ahead of them? Why not transfer some of the Red Cross nurses to the Louisiana? Mrs. Garrison had no objections, but they had; and the surgeon in charge made prompt and vigorous protest. He knew Mrs. Frank, and she knew him and did not in the least despair. She still had a plan. There was a cozy dinner one evening—just the evening before the departure of the Queen, and the gallant captain of the ship, the veteran general, the quartermaster in charge of transportation, the member of the senate military committee, some charming girls—but none so charming as Mrs. Garrison—were of the party. There was some sentiment and much champagne, as a result of which, at one a. m., the big-hearted sea monarch aforementioned swore by the bones of his ancestors in the slimy grasp of Davy Jones that that sweet little woman shouldn't have to go a-begging for accommodations on his ship. If the general would condescend to move into his room, by thunder, he'd sleep up in his foul-weather den next the chart room, and Mrs. Garrison—God bless her!—could take the general's room, and be queen of the ship—queen of the Queen—queen of queens—by Jupiter! And here's her health with all honor! A soldier, of course, could be no less gallant than a sailor, especially as the captain's room was a bit better than the "boudoir," and had an ice chest and contents that the veteran campaigner was bidden to consider his own. The agreement was clinched that very night before the party broke up; and little Mrs. Frank shed tears of gratitude upon the general's coat sleeve and threw kiss after kiss to the handsome sailor as she hung over the balusters of the broad veranda and waved them away in their swift-running cabs, and then danced off to her room and threw herself on the bed after a mad pirouette about the spacious apartment, and laughed and laughed until real tears trickled from her eyes, and then gave orders to be called at seven o'clock. She meant to be up and aboard that ship with all her luggage before sense and repentance could come with the morning sun—before either soldier or sailor could change his mind.

To the amazement of the women already aboard, to the grave annoyance of Cor. Armstrong, to the joy of poor Billy Gray, and the mischievous merriment of several youngsters on the commissioned list, Mrs. Frank Garrison, the latest arrival, became sole occupant of the finest room on the ship; and it was a bower of lilies and tropical fruit and flowers the breezy day she sailed away from the bay of Honolulu.

(To Be Continued.)

FOR HIS FRIEND.

An Instance of Heroic Self Sacrifice in the Humble Walks of Life.

James Brown and Harry Lee were the closest of friends. They were painters by trade and unmarried. James Brown, however, was the only support of an invalid mother, the fact being well known to Harry.

The two young men were at work upon one of the high buildings of the city. For some reason Harry had occasion to descend to the ground, and there noticed for the first time how insecure was James' position. At the same moment he was horrified to see him losing his footing.

As quickly as thought can work Harry remembered the invalid mother, and stepped in an instant directly into the spot where James would drop, and braced himself.

By something like a miracle he succeeded in his purpose of rescue. When the two men were brought into the Flower hospital in New York, it was discovered that Harry had not received fatal injury, and that James, for whom he had risked his life, was suffering chiefly from the breaking of both wrists and the bones of one ankle.

Harry, who was the first to be well enough to report for duty, found a pleasure in caring for the invalid mother of his friend as if he were her son.

The doctors of the hospital, who alone were aware of the facts, report an expression of gratitude upon the face of James whenever Harry visited him during his convalescence, a look that expressed more than human eyes are accustomed to see or human hearts to reveal.—New Voice.

A Sharp Retort.

A well-known dean of Norwich tells the following good story against himself:

Some few weeks ago he came to a stile in a field which was occupied by a farm lad, who was eating his bread and bacon luncheon.

The boy made no attempt to allow his reverence to pass, so was duly lectured for his lack of manners.

"You seem, my lad, to be better fed than taught."

"Very likely," answered the lad, slicing off a piece of bacon, "for ye teaches Oi, but Oi feeds meself."—London Answers.

The Merciful Motorman.

"The fellow coming out of that saloon owes his life to me," said the Brooklyn motorman to the new hand to whom he was teaching the business.

"How's that?" asked the beginner, as he piled all the passengers to the front of the car by a quick movement of the brake.

"One night," explained the motorman, "he was lying helpless across the track, and I resisted, and conquered the temptation."—Brooklyn Life.

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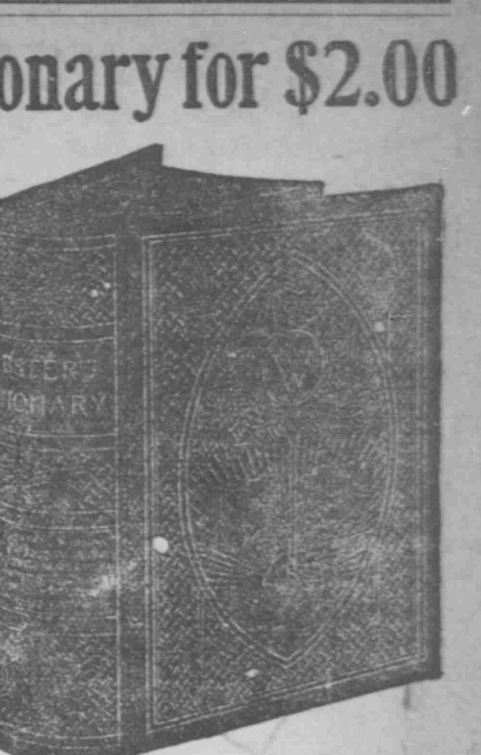
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